

them as they smoke and wait for uncommonly beautiful women to return from the hairdressers.

Their wallets bulge in excess. Their moustaches twitch with delight.

THE WALKING WOUNDED for Pose

If you weren't wounded you wouldn't be walking, crawling or even writing, not to mention interesting, so be thankful for your wounds and take a walk through the language's lifetime.

FORMICA DAZE

Scene: Suburban kitchen. American junk. Fast food on table top. Assorted open bags from Burger Bomb, etc. Half-eaten. Obvious husband & wife team. Flawless as the front lawn. 100% genuine polyester costumes. Woman, back to audience, stares doggedly at wall calendar: August 1. Man sits at table, chomps burger. Dog under table. Sunlight ...

Man: (Between bites; sings) Dog for a walk & a newspaper. Oh dog for a walk & a newspaper ...

Woman: What's that, hon?

Man: Just singing my song. Nevermind. Pay no mind.

Woman: Oh.

Man: What day is it anyhow? Since you're over there...

Woman: August first. Herman Melville's birthday.

Man: (Reaches for fries; burps) Whose?

(Doorbell rings offstage.)

Man: Awww, who's that?

(Dog at man's feet begins to drool Pavlovianly, like garden hose. Puddle ensues quickly.)

(Man, barefooted, feels the wet; looks down at Dog uncomprehending.)

Man: What the ...

Woman: Herman Melville's.

Man: (Irritated) WHO?

Woman: (Screams) HERMAN MELVILLE'S!!

Man: (Limp) Oh.

(Curtain, exhausted, drops.)

OBVIOUSLY
for W.

All of the parts
do not relate.
Get it straight:
the women, the
sky, the street.
All of the parts
are never, can
never be, known.
You can talk,
dissect, waste
years, lifetimes
& go nowhere.
& besides that
all of the parts
do not relate.

STANZAS

The next poem sits in Kansas City
with a warm beer, a Marlboro.
Lazy, dissatisfied, it's ready
to stand up, hop a bus and find me.

All the daylights I've had beaten
out of me congregate outside my window.
They talk into evening, their
conversation lively, never dimming.

Likewise, all the embarrassments
visited upon me in the past roost
in the rafters, killing time,
waiting to be revealed any second.

The next poem turns a corner or
turns into a woman turning a corner.